

BEN ALI'S ORDEAL AT HAND.

On the Eve of His Trial Frenchy Protests His Innocence.

Jury men to View the Bloodstained Rooms in the East River Hotel.

Amor Ben Ali will be confronted on Monday with the evidence upon which the public prosecutors expect to prove that he killed and brutally mangled and mutilated the body of Carrie Brown in the East River Hotel on the night of April 23-24.



FRENCH'S MORNING SALAM.

The jurors will appear at the brown-stone Court-House at 10:30 o'clock, and will be escorted, under guard, to the East River Hotel, at Catharine and Water streets, where the disfigured body was slaughtered and half dissected, and will view in perfect silence the 6 by 10 room in which the foul deed was done, and the room like it on the same floor where it is said the Algerian Arab slept that awful night.

On their return to Part II. of the Court of General Sessions, Assistant District-Attorney Francis L. Wellman will open the case for the prosecution, telling the jury what he proposes to prove.

The evidence will be almost entirely circumstantial. The speaking witnesses for the people are thirteen miserable people of the class to which "old Shakespeare" belonged, and who have been for two months living better than they ever lived before, physically and morally, in the House of Detention.

They will tell how Amor, known to them as "Frenchy No. 1," was called old Shakespeare's lover; how he was looking for her the night before the murder; how she and a blonde young man occupied Room 31 on the top floor of the East River Hotel dive after 11 o'clock that night; how Frenchy No. 1 paid twenty-five pennies at the bar and went to sleep alone in No. 33 at midnight; how the body of the old woman was found at 9 o'clock next morning, strangled, dismembered, mutilated; how two days later blood was found on the door, the walls, the chair, the bed in room 33, and blood was found on the shirt of the Arab arrested eleven hours after the discovery of the murder lounging at a neighboring bar.

Amor Ben Ali does not look like a desperate fiend. He has lost some of his right and talks coarsely to Constant J. Spero, who is a Mahometan educated in English. To a reporter, through Mr. Spero, the child of the desert says:

"I swear by the Prophet that I never killed any woman! I never had anything to do with Carrie Brown. She never harmed me. Why

should I kill her? Business was dull and I had little money. I saw a woman like her would have money—perhaps a few pieces, a dollar or two."

"I look at him and see a man of confidence, this dark-skinned prisoner says in picturesque English:

"The Law of God will clear him. Frenchy says he was born in a village near Algeria, but he doesn't know how long ago. Like most low-class Arabs, he has the date of his birth by some national or religious event, but Amor's event was not known to the interpreter. He is probably about forty-five, for he served five years in the French army, participating in a Turkish regiment in the Franco-Prussian war, where he was shot in the leg. He was honorably discharged, married and has two children.

"Lost child, was boy, was girl," exclaims Amor, tearfully, holding his tattooed hands at the height of the knee, then at the thigh. Some time ago he was induced by the pretty stories of the steamship to pay \$50 for a passage to Brazil. He had started there, and finally drifted to New York. Here he peddled fruit, shell and bead ornaments and did odd jobs, living at 370 Fourth street, Brooklyn, in the Greek and Algerian settlement.

Amor said ruefully: "How can I defend myself? I know nothing. I have no influential friends. They may hang me—then what will my poor wife and children in Algeria do?"

Tears well up to the sunken, brown eyes at the thought of his little family and he dares not tell them of his trouble and danger. Then he says cheerily that if he is allowed to go free he will go home to his wife and babies as quick as he can get there, adding: "Maybe M. A. Vase, the French Consul, will send me home, I was a French soldier."

There was another heavy rain fall at Lincoln, Neb., yesterday, and reports from all over the State confirm earlier news of the damage to crops. Trains are still delayed on account of washouts.

The loss on buildings by the storm at Superfund, Ia., is \$75,000, and to railroad property, \$100,000. At Aurelia, Ia., the water stood six feet deep in the streets yesterday.

At Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul passenger train is water-bound at Horick, Ia., with seas of water ahead of it and behind it. A Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul passenger train at Horick, Ia., with seas of water ahead of it and behind it.

Several Ball-Players Poisoned. PITTSBURGH, June 27.—A special from Newcastle, Pa., says: A wholesale case of poisoning occurred at Pikesville, this county, yesterday evening, that may prove fatal to several young men.

In the afternoon a baseball nine from Youngstown, O., beat the local team by a score of 10 to 0, and the two clubs went to the Pikesville Hotel to get supper.

An hour after the supper several of the house team were taken seriously ill, and tonight the lives of two are despaired of.

Several of the Youngstown players are also in a critical condition. It is supposed the ill food around the dried beef eaten caused the poisoning.

Leary's Rafts of Logs. (BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.)

St. John, N. B., June 27.—The Leary rafts were towed through the falls yesterday by the American tug, assisted by two from St. John. The rafts were taken down to the beach bar where they were fastened together in single file, and they left port about 4 p. m.

Kicked by a Horse. Michael O'Hara, of 829 Eleventh avenue, while working in the stable at 605 West Fifty-ninth street this morning, was kicked in the stomach by a horse and was severely injured.

MONMOUTH'S BATTLE DAY.

Celebration of This Historical Event at Freehold.

Services in the Old Tennent Church and a Banquet This Afternoon.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.) FREEHOLD, N. J., June 27.—This usually quiet village was bristling with excitement this morning. A holiday crowd filled the main street, and everywhere bunting was flying in honor of the anniversary of the great historical event, the Battle of Monmouth, which was to be celebrated today.



BATTLE-SCENE ON THE MONMOUTH MONUMENT.

It was just 113 years ago to-morrow—June 28, 1778—that Gen. Washington rallied the little American army near the old Tennent Church, and repulsed the British, but the great people of New Jersey, at least this part of it, respect the battle, and therefore the anniversary of the victory, which meant much to the Revolutionary heroes, is observed with appropriate ceremonies today.

The celebration is under the auspices of the Monmouth Battle Association and the New Jersey Sons of the Revolution. They held patriotic services first in the old Tennent Church, which is still standing—into which the wounded were carried while the battle was in progress, and this afternoon they have a great banquet in the Union Hotel here, addresses being delivered by some of the most prominent men in the State.

Of course the monument erected in 1877 by the Monmouth Battle Monument Association was the centre of a crowd of admiring visitors, who gazed upon the bas-relief of Molly Pitcher in an heroic attitude, and told the story of how she carried her husband's gun after he was shot, and that she was the last to hold the gun when the Americans deserted Fort Mifflin.

Rev. Frank Symmes, the pastor, officiates at the services in the old Tennent Church, and Mr. Robert Laird, President of the Monmouth Battle Monument Association, presides over the banquet.

John Whitehead, President of the New Jersey Society, of Morrisville, replies to the toast "The American Revolution," John S. Appleton, of Red Bank, to "The Battle of Monmouth," J. C. Pumphrey, of Morrisville, to "Molly Pitcher and the Daughters of the Revolution," and Rev. Robert S. Green, of Elizabeth, to "Princeton in the Revolution." Clifford Stanley, of Mount Holly, to "The Society of the Cincinnati," and Rev. Frank R. Symmes to "The Old Tennent Church."

Southern Industries Increasing. (BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.) CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., June 27.—The Trade-mark report of new industries established in the Southern States during the second quarter of 1891 shows a total of 382, against a total of the second quarter of 1890 of 1,350 and the second quarter of 1889 of 655.

His Light of Reason Fails. John Snyder was taken from his home, 335 Fifth street, to Bellevue Hospital this morning, insane.

WAS HIS DEATH HASTENED?

Charges Against Presbyterian Hospital Officers in Dr. Northrop's Case.

They Are Indignantly Denied by All the Implicated Parties.

The funeral of Dr. John I. Northrop, the Columbia Professor, who died from burns caused by an explosion of alcohol, will take place to-morrow, the second anniversary of his wedding, and will be conducted by the organist who married him.

The young widow, prostrated with grief, is at the home of her aunt, Mrs. L. C. Lee, at 127 East Twenty-first street, from which house the funeral will take place.

In connection with Dr. Northrop's case, statements made by the ambulance surgeon who dressed the doctor's burns and took him to the Presbyterian Hospital convey the impression that if more promptness and diligence had been exercised by the hospital authorities it is possible that death would not have resulted.

The ambulance surgeon is Dr. J. T. Sprague, of Bellevue Hospital. His statement is, in substance:

On responding to the ambulance call on Thursday afternoon he found Dr. Northrop severely burned, but after having him in and bandaging his body from head to foot, Dr. Sprague did not think the injuries were necessarily fatal.

At Dr. Northrop's request, he was taken to the Presbyterian Hospital, Prof. Yale, of the college, writing a note to the hospital people fully explaining the case. Dr. Northrop's family physician, Dr. Bridden, is connected with the Presbyterian Hospital.

Dr. Sprague alleges that the order of the Presbyterian Hospital remained at the gate, "We don't take burns here." Then after conversation for fifteen minutes with another official, the order was changed to know it was a charity case.

Losing patience, Dr. Sprague says he declared: "If you won't admit the man I will take him to Bellevue." Then, with the note of Prof. Yale, started the officials, and the suffering man was admitted.

By this statement a delay of at least twenty minutes occurred at the gate of the Presbyterian Hospital. Dr. Sprague would express no opinion as to the effect upon the patient of this delay and controversy.

These utterances of Dr. Sprague are positively denied at the hospital. Supr. Wall sharply questioned Bernard Roti, the orderly who was on duty when Dr. Northrop was brought to the hospital. Roti denied that any delay in admittance of the patient had occurred. "He was taken through the ambulance within three minutes after his arrival," said Roti.

Neither Dr. Rupp nor I asked if it was a charity case, said Roti. "If the ambulance surgeon says there was delay at the gate he states as a fact."

Supr. Wall said that while the hospital did not care for suffering from burns, an emergency case was never refused. The records showed that an accident case had been admitted only a few minutes before Dr. Northrop's arrival. "No questions are ever asked as to the patient's ability to pay for treatment," said the Superintendent.

The Superintendent took occasion to say that he did not understand the rumors of Bellevue people behind the attacks on the management of the Presbyterian Hospital.

The physicians say that Dr. Northrop's death was caused by shock, although more than one-third of his body was burned to a crisp.

Identified as George Leighton. The body of the man found floating in the North River at the foot of Thirtieth street has been identified as George Leighton.

HE HAD LOVED AND LOST.

All on Account of His Many "Accomplishments."

The Romance of a Grizzled Guide in a Hunting Camp.

I had become strangely interested in the old guide. A silent man with stalwart frame, thick gray hair and firmly set lips, whose smile intensified rather than lightened the pensive sadness of his face. His words were few, and it was his custom when not engaged in active duty about the camp to sit aside and smoke his pipe, while his thoughts seemed to be far away, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press.

I had managed to secure enough of the old man's confidence to obtain a friendly word from him now and then, and I determined, if possible, to hear the story which I was sure he could tell.

With this object in view I pleaded surfeit of sport one day, and remained at the camp when all the others, save the old guide, had gone out with rods and guns. I succeeded in striking up a conversation, and with infinite tact and much patience I had induced him to speak of personal matters, and at last I asked him squarely if he had ever loved a woman.

The old man sat with his arms resting on his knees, his pipe in his hand and his eyes gazing far away. He cleared his throat, and in the stillness of the forest he related this brief story:

"I did love a woman once," he said, "and I waited on her stidly for a long time. I was a free, wild chap then days, and though she loved me as much as I loved her, her folks kep' naggin' at her to give me up. I was rounch, they said, and not fit to marry a girl like her."

"Well, it went on that way, as I say, for a long spell; in fact, till I'd begun to hint that it was about time we two come to a definite understanding, and I guess she felt the same. I was seen' her home from a little so-called one night—lovely night, I remember now just how we walked along in the moonlight till we got pretty nigh to her house, and then she turned to me and said sudden like 'an' says, says she: 'Jim, I've been wantin' to ask you a few questions for a long time.'"

"Her voice was kind o' trembly, an' I knowed somethin' 'as comin'." "Well, I says, 'whatever you may ask you'll get straight, true answers, any way.'"

"I thank ye for that, Jim," says she, "and then a ter a minute she says: 'Jim, you know my folks don't like yer.'"

"Most assuredly they don't, I says. 'After a little while she says: 'I do,' says I. 'We walked on a few steps, an' then she says: 'They say you smoke.' 'They're right, I says, 'I chew tobacco.'"

"Well, I says, 'when I feel like it.' 'They say you swear, too,' says she. 'Yes, I says, 'vigorously, on occasions.'"

"Well, I says, kind o' quick, 'I

don't know as I'd ever marry a man with all them accomplishments."

"Then," says I, "you'll have ter look further, 'cause I've got 'em, and I turned round an' went home an' I never called on her agin' though she'd had me in a minute, I knew she would, an' be'n glad to git me."

The old man's pipe was in his mouth and that pensive, interesting smile was on his face.

"Is that all?" I asked.

"That's all," he replied.

NOVEL TOWER FOR CHICAGO. An Engineer Suggests a Structure with an Immeasurable Walking-Beam.

One of the most eminent engineers of the country, Oberlin Smith, of Bridgeport, N. J., suggests a building for the World's Fair like that portrayed in the accompanying cut.

It is a mammoth tower, with an enormous walking beam, at the end of which there shall be two globes for passengers.

When the beam is nearly perpendicular the upper globe shall be 1,100 feet in air. The beam is to be a see-saw, like that in use on steamboats.

The plan is to make a permanent, octagonal tower about 600 feet high, with a statue of Columbus, facing westward, upon its flat steel is to be used in its construction. Channel iron and tee iron is suggested for the cross-girders and braces.

The beam is to be pivoted to the tower. Its extreme width is to be 150 feet. The globes are to be of sheet iron, 100 feet in diameter, with floors and windows inside. They may be made to represent the Eastern and Western hemispheres.

Near the bottom of each globe are to be doors, enabling passengers to get in and out as the globes touch the ground. To raise the beam, it would be set in motion to the reverse position.

The advantages over the Eiffel Tower are said to be threefold. It would only require a few seconds to get to the top; the Eiffel required a good half hour.

The height and capacity of this tower would also be much greater than that of the Eiffel. The floors of the proposed globes would remain horizontal, by being ballasted at the bottom. Hydraulic cylinders are to be the motive power.

A Clover Plan. (From Judge.)

Scadley—Hullo, Bingleton, old fellow! What are you doing now? Still running a school?

Bingleton—No; I have formed myself into a university. It is a great ambition of mine to have some rich man die and endow me.

A Mean Insultation. (From Brooklyn Life.)

Mrs. Cumso—The giraffe has a tongue seventeen inches long.

Cumso—That is, the female giraffe has, you mean?

WEEPING JERRY.

BY THE EVENING WORLD POST.

He started life in April with a sad, protesting cry.

That never ceased until he'd wept his little tear-tank dry. Whenever his pudgy sides received a sly, admiring poke he turned unto the wall and wept; He could not see the joke.

With schoolbooks soaked with tears of course His lessons were not dry.

To save the figures on his slate A sponge was always nigh; He studied, wept and studied, Till he won the highest prize, Then took it home with mournful air And overfowing eyes.

"HE STUDIED, WEPT AND STUDIED." And when the spelling match was on He stood upon the floor And spelled the school down, while his tears Ran underneath the door; And when he to his own, own The question-soft would pop, She only waited to say—Yes, "Then ran to get a mop."

And when the war broke out, and he Went forth to do or die, His soldier comrades tried in vain To keep their powder dry.

But in their first engagement, when They ran away like mad, He stood and cried and blazed away While he a cartridge had.

"SOME FEELING OF THAT SORT." (From Munsey's Weekly.)

"Harlem is coming right up," said the enthusiastic land owner. "That's too bad. Some people think she's too far up as it is."

"HE STOOD AND CRIED AND BLAZED AWAY." And, later, when they charged into The mouth of battle's hell, And men fell thick as Autumn leaves Before the storm of shell.

And bore it still on high, For at the front, with fearless heart And humbly, flashing eye, The first man on the ramparts red, He waved "Old Glory" there, While cheers from twice ten thousand men

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